

Movie Calendar

BIJOU—William Fox presents "Checkers"—Variety.

BROADWAY—Antin Stewart in "The Kingdom of Dreams."

COLONIAL—Billie Burke.

ELISIE—Elisie Ferguson in "The Witness for the Defense."

ODEON—Eugene O'Brien in "The Perfect Lover."

HEX—Neal Hart in "The Dead Line."

VICTOR—Mabel Normand in "Mickey."

Week's Picture Shows

OFFERINGS AT LOCAL HOUSES.

Elisie Ferguson at Isis.

Elisie Ferguson's Artcraft picture "The Witness for the Defense," which is doing enormous business at the Isis Theater this week, will be shown in some other houses with a few changes in the cast. The picture is a happy comedy, and the actress appears to the advantage in this charming production.

Billie Burke at Colonial.

Though Billie Burke's picture "The Kingdom of Dreams" is a comedy, it is a very unusual one. It is a story of a woman who is a fortune teller, and who is able to see the future. The picture is a very unusual one, and it is a very good one. It is a very good picture, and it is a very good picture.

Checkers Run Near End.

"Checkers," the picture which has been running at the Isis Theater, is now in its last week. It is a very good picture, and it is a very good picture. It is a very good picture, and it is a very good picture.

Perfect Lover at Odeon.

Some of the most beautiful girls going and coming over the screen are among the many extraordinary attractions of Eugene O'Brien's new picture, "The Perfect Lover," which comes today and tomorrow to the Odeon. One of the sets representing the hall of the "Four Hundred" in New York, is without doubt one of the most elaborate and expensive ever erected for a motion picture. It took up the entire floor of the huge studio where the picture was filmed, and no expense was spared in fitting up this set. The result is astounding. When you see it on the screen you will not be able to believe that it is a studio set. With its parquet floors, glass doors and shining mirrors, hand-carved furniture, and huge chandeliers, this hall is the essence of elegant reality.

Mickey at the Victor.

Two days yet remain in which those who have not seen "Mickey," the picture which is running at the Victor Theater, may enjoy this splendid photoplay. It is a picture which is a very good one, and it is a very good picture. It is a very good picture, and it is a very good picture.

Antin Stewart Breathing Records.

Antin Stewart's picture, "The Kingdom of Dreams," continues to stand high on every night at the Broadway Theater. It is a picture which is a very good one, and it is a very good picture. It is a very good picture, and it is a very good picture.

A Tip-Top Entertainment at Bijou.

The Bijou Theater has a great attraction in the picture "The Kingdom of Dreams," which is a very good picture, and it is a very good picture. It is a very good picture, and it is a very good picture.

Answers to Film Fans

BY THE MOVIE EDITOR.

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EVERYONE'S SWEETHEART By Nell Brinkley



EVERYONE'S Sweetheart is shaking gently her tinkling tambourine to remind you that still money makes the world go round. Once the gentle tinkling of it at the street corner and the theater door, pouring out its stream of laughter and loveliness, called with a pleading note. Does it have to plead with you now? Surely not since this war. Its music has a kind heart underneath, to only the "down-and-out" and proved to them that they were down—but never out—while there was a face in a dark-line bonnet covering the shine of a halo, to bend over them. But your boy, and yours, your sweetheart and mine, they went down-and-out. They were supermen with nerves of fire, hearts as big as Madison Square Garden, men on the top-wave of acclaim, heroes, laughing knights without reproach, needing no pity—and yet—these splendid, clean, long-striding boys of ours who were clinking their tin hats and their silver dollars in death's face needed help. For they came near drowning in the Sea of Loneliness.

Who doesn't know what the lifesaver was? A jolly, brown Doughnut for a Doughboy. And the girl who got it to him carried her pot of hot grease and shook of grease at her ears!

The delighted world hears the soft jingle of her tambourine—feels her gentle fingers groping at the keyhole of his heart—as the Salvation Army band kneels to turn the lock. For she has the key to it right enough. For she's everybody's sweetheart, and even the shrike-headed, who wouldn't trust their gold and green in any other hand, will pour it in her lap and go away whistling with perfect faith that every humble red penny will give up its whole quota of joy, with her little fist to spend it on the "other half" of the world. That's truth. You go in to help prove it to her!

—NELL BRINKLEY

THE DAY'S GOOD STORIES FROM MANY SOURCES.

When the "Thief Crop Was Good," a chief of police, since gone to unknown parts, who was known as a great thief-catcher, had a wife who was a great thief-catcher, too. He was a great thief-catcher, too. He was a great thief-catcher, too.

In the "Name Boat," a man who was a great thief-catcher, too. He was a great thief-catcher, too. He was a great thief-catcher, too.

Two photographs, showing him in a suit and a hat, were in the "Name Boat," a man who was a great thief-catcher, too. He was a great thief-catcher, too. He was a great thief-catcher, too.

Three hours after the Washington police received the pictures the chief, wired to Chicago, was asked to have arrested four of the men who were wanted by night—Cartoons Magazine.

Did you tell him I was not at home, he asked. "I did," the maid told him as "how we was both out, sir," he said. "You see, I was in a bit of a bill myself."

Wanted to Be Dignified. REBECCA, a recent bride, was very proud of her father's rank, as first lieutenant, and grew quite indignant when a neighbor's boy called him "captain."

"I'll have you understand that my daddy is not a captain," she said; "he's a lieutenant."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," replied the boy, "he is an officer."

"Indeed, he is not an officer," she protested.

"Yes, dear, a lieutenant is an officer," interrupted Rebecca's mother.

"Well," persisted Rebecca, still determined to maintain her daddy's dignity at all costs, "he's not much of an officer," Buffalo Commercial.

Distance Lends Safety. MR. MEDONES was driving through the country, trying to buy a mule. He was directed to a colored man who had one for sale.

"Do you want to sell a mule?" asked Medones.

"Yes, sah," replied the owner.

"What has that got to do with it?" queried Medones.

"Well," explained the negro, "I ain't gwine to transfer dat mule to nobody dat lives less dan 200 miles away from here. When I sell dat mule, I want to get rid not only of de mule, but of all conversation appertaining to him," Harper's Magazine.

Engaged. THEY had been engaged a week.

"Do you believe in dreams?" the young man asked.

"Sure," she replied.

"Well, I had an awful one last night. I dreamed of a coffee and—"

"Oh, Jim," she exclaimed, "that's a sign that you are going to be married."

The young man looked at her in bewilderment.

"That's the case," he responded, gallantly. "I wish I could dream it a dozen times."

"I think you are mean," she exclaimed. "I'd like to know what on earth you would do with a dozen wives. I bet you couldn't manage one—by yourself," Indianapolis News.

Discretionary Talent. A young lady who prided herself on her energy and capabilities was one day talking to a neighbor at dinner of her various occupations. "I can play the piano and trim a hat with equal ability," she asserted rather boastfully. "Your energy does you credit," replied the listener politely.

"I can cook, mend, read German, speak French," German literature furnishes a large field of study, does it not?" said the victim of these confidences, hoping to turn the conversation, but the flood was not to be stayed. "In short," the boaster went on, "I can do anything I undertake." The other had lost patience. "Ah," that proved nothing only—that you have excellent judgment. "What do you mean?" the young lady asked. "In undertaking nothing you cannot do" was the reply.

Can You Beat It? By Maurice Ketten

THIS IS THE ONLY ROOM IN THE CITY WHERE A GENTLEMAN CAN GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.

ANOTHER GENTLEMAN WHO WANTS A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.

A TRAVELING SALESMAN HAS IT ON SUNDAY.

YOU CAN HAVE IT FOR ANY PRICE YOU WANT TO PAY.

LITTLE BOBBIE AND HIS PA

BY WILLIAM F. KIRK.

PA took Ma & me up to Long Lick yesterday & we went for a ride in Ed McCormick's launch. This is a grate boat, sed Pa wen we all got in. Ed bought it last year, sed Pa, & he named it the Hoam Rule. Hoam Rule was his first one, picked for the boat, sed Pa, becaus he thot he was never going to git it. This is a butful lark, sed Ma. It is so blue & plassid. Peepul are so different from larks, sed Ma, wen they are blue they are never plassid. Quite true, Madam, sed Mister McCormick. I wud be pritty blue sum- cumming up here to see me. After we pick sum water lilies we will go back & have dinner. The water lily will be our National flower, he sed, has vent beyond recall, he sed. I am so glad, too, sed Ma. It will be a better & brtter world in which to live in. The world is one big hand now, sed Mister McCormick, entirely surrounded by water. Oh, well, he sed, what must be, must be. Yure husband & I sed to put on sum grate sketches, he sed. Indeed, sed Ma. Indeed is rite, sed Mister McCormick. The sky was the limit & we went to the limit, he sed, that we My only wonder is, he sed, that we are both alive to tell the tale.

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS PERSONS IN WORLD NEWS.

THE late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, was a man of brilliant attainments and very caustic wit. Saturated naturally to him as this anecdote shows.

A certain Mr. F.—a very rough diamond—was urging a perfectly untenable point at wearisome length, until Justice Coleridge, who had picked up the thread of an intricate case with his usual marvelous ability for assimilating facts, gently interposed with the remark:

"Unfortunately for you, Mr. F., the correspondence does not in any way bear out your assertion."

"I say it does," rudely contradicted the learned counsel.

The Lord Chief Justice gently allowed himself to sink back into his cushions as he murmured in silky tones: "Oh, the limit was not in any way me to contradict you."

Admiral CARY T. GRAYSON, President Wilson's physician, posed a ready and somewhat caustic wit.

Recently he was invited to a dinner party. The hostess, who was at first, was a clinging, temperamental person, but she tried to pass herself off as thirty, and

apparently imagined that being rude and tactless assisted her to sustain the youthful illusion.

At dinner she asked her guest to carve a fowl before, and never having carved a fowl before, he made a mess of it. Instead of trying to cover his confusion, the hostess called attention to it, pointed out by looking down the table and saying audibly:

"Well, doctor, you may be a very clever surgeon, but if I wanted a leg cut off I should not come to you to do it."

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J-B-MOSBY-&CO: